12/28/70

Dear Mrs. Lyon,

You are the one person from New Orleans who has sent me a Christmas card and, were we in a position to send them (as we used to enjoy doing), Louis is probably the only one to whom I would. I don't think he appreciates the warm regard I have for him (and I am not demonstrative in such matters). But, aside from my liking for him as a decent, balanced and dedicated human being, he is one of the very few people there who ever really tried to help me.

So, I very much appreciate your card. We stay so busy, and the toll of the recent, relentless years has been so great on our energies, we just can't get the time for cards. I am immersed in too many things, without sufficient time for any of them, my wife is indispensible to these things, and she is the closest thing there is today to a breadwinner in our family. She works mornings regularly and the whole day during tax season, for which she is now preparing herself. And helps me, doing all the typing, the indexing, etc. We have just finished another book.

However, I am going to try and do something that will, if I can do it, give you my next years card and, if you like them, cards for years to come - if you have a Christmas tree. I have a friend who, for many legitimate reasons, Louis has no use. After a long silence, she started writing me about a year ago. I think I have been able to exert a good influence and there seems to be indication of reform. She has worked out a line of hand-made, original decorations I think are real cute. They are all individual, hand-painted. We like those she has sent us. Today, in fact, she sent my wife a new item, a key ring. When I write her to thank her, I'm going to ask that if she has any of the Christmas ornaments left over or, with the orders she now has for other items, like this key ring, she can make some so I can have them for you.

I wrote Lou the other day, about different matters I considered to his potential interest, for the first time in a long while. That brought many things back to mind, one being an apology to all of you for my intrusions, as when I found it necessary to phone in the wee small hours. Belatedly, I offer it. I also meant to tell Lou that when this new book comes out, I will not have copies for friends. This is the first of my books I've not had to publish myself. My contract gives me but eight free copies, which will not begin to take care of our families. I can't afford to buy them for friends, much as I'd like to.

Again, my thanks for thinking of us. We do appreciate it.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg